And now you, too, are a minority of one! The kind of minority of one that makes a difference to another minority of one - me only. You are the one person to note that the origins of the sixth-circuit's Ray decision are in my initial work.

Ray found his own way of avoiding it while writing. Bud has been totally silent. Jim and I do not have to tell each other these things. And of the thousands who have read the book and the many in the press who have ignored it after reading it and the few who disputed (in generalities only-never in confrontation), not a single word.

This has become so much our expectation that even my wife has had nothing to say. So thanks.

But in all of this do not lose sight of the fact that it is Jim who put it all together. We discussed it before he started to and agreed on a general approach. There was nothing to agree about because in essence we both saw it the same way. And understand that Jim put it all together himself. I was not part of that. I did read the draft and make a few suggestions and argue. Once only, though. I did not read the final draft for Jim must have his independence, his freedom to make mistakes and learn by them and the self-confidence that comes for doing things alone. He knew what I believed about everything in it and the decisions h d to be his, not mine, so I just have ignored it since.

As a matter of fact we work well together. It is too bad that it could not have started earlier and had some support, meaning both financial and clerical.

He's great and he's going to be greater, with more experience.

Bud is a fool not to have appreciated his poetntials and to have hired him. There was a time he could have. But Bud saw only the immediate. getting all this free.

There may seem to be no point in this letter, but I'll get to it. I take the time courtesy of our Glorious Leader's business-oriented administration that is so successfully putting business out of business. Instead of walking for exercise, I cut wood and use it for heat. In our coldest weather I have cut oil consumption so much the deliveryman comes only once a month! Our peak use has been only three gallons a day!

So, I've just taken down a large wild cherry that was stunting other and desired trees and sawed it up until I ran out of gas. By then I was sweating, tired and in need of this break. I did this before Jim got up so I'd be available if he called about anything. This afternoon I expect a very fine human being, a senior at a local small college once all-girl and now mostly. She is one of the sweetest young women I have ever met, whole light a few of the moments she is here by a disposition to smile all the time. We the kind of life I've been leading that in itself is wonderful. But she is here for a purpose that may interest you, to work. For the first time in a decade I have someone doing clerical things that have long needed doing. The first project is consolidating the cards to all the indexes to all the work I've done, including the limited editions. For the moment we will not include Post Mortem. When the tax season is over and my wife can type it we will. And for the moment no Whitewash index. We can't find it in the cellar's jumble and making new cards from the printed one is a great chore. When this is all consolidated into one she will start making an index (name only) to my unfiled FBI and CIA reports. If there is still a disposition after that, then I have the printout of the Texas Board of Inquiry file. But back to that wild cherry: when she comes this afternoon I'll haul the firewood up the side of this mountain and we'll have several more day's wood, some large enough to last the night and I won't have to get up at 2:15 a.m., as I did today, to replenish it. She'll be here to answer the phone. I rather expect to hear from Jim about another matter.

It bears its own relationship to this. Jim told me yesterday afternoon that Freed has offered Bud a quarter of a million for the Ray material. Which happens to be mine. Not only because I did the work and have the copyright on the basics but because when I undertook to get Ray as Bud's client (it took a year in which I never had any communication with Ray) that all the literary rights would be mine was one of the conditions to which he agreed.

Aside from Bud in all this, I suggest that this is an evaluation of one and a small part of my work and its residual worth. Administered by a wise historian/political scientist with a commercial understanding, I can't get paid so much that it still can't make money, there is that much. So much I can't remember it all.

I began with a home for this material-Yale. One of those first attracted to Whitewash just happened to be the conservative businessman-head of a CIA foundation.front who was establishing an unofficial archive to JFK there. I agreed to let him have this stuff. His CIA didn't bother me and the stuff was not to go until I was finished my work. There came a time when the going was very rough when I wrote him that if he wanted this set of files the terms would have to be making the continuation of my work possible. When I got no answer I was busy and I ignored it until once again I was desparate. I then got a response: he was in terminal illness at the time of the first letter and had died by the second.

Having this stuff at Yale means nothing to me. Being able to continue with better working conditions and capabilities does, so I've not offered it again there. And won't.

These young women are here because they are part of a seminar at the college. It was started by a fine prof I've met twice. Besides him I've met three students, one I think not in his seminar. She is going to be a lawyer and I think she ll make a great one, with help and a little direction, if she'll acept it. The third is a young housewife who just may undertake to do something with my earlier tapes, which are on both sides of a five-inch reel. Their greater value, the early ones, that is, will be to social scientists. I think so, anyway.

The Portia yesterday told me that there has been more talk at the college of which I did not know of my material there. In some ways, despite the fact that this is a very small (700) school and the general backwardness of the area, this is better for me because when the time comes for the stuff to go there I can help with it. I can also help with projects using it and from time to time students can do constructive work with it.

However, I cope with immediate needs, and first things will have to come first, if anything comes of anything.

I have made no effort to do anything but if something foesn't happen soon I will have to start making that effort. It is not only because I have these needs. It is to eliminate the considerable ineffeciency they impose.

So, while I know you don't control this thing, I do inform you, in Wisconsin's interest as well as my own.

That Ms Roth used the project to make out does not bother me. That she used it too much for that does, for it is too bad that she did not get here. Unless something unexpected led to her resignation, I think it was less than ethical to undertake such an exploration when she had no intention of following through on it. It becomes a liability to Wisconisn and to me for all it knows is what you and Jim have said and there is a limit to what either of you can know.

You mention publication as a possible interest but also as a generality. There is now, without adding more to what I have, so large a number of projects I couldn't begin to estimate them. A rather large number of thesis and books and countless monographs that would make scholarly pamphlets.

This will extend to Watergate no matter what happens, no matter how much is published. And nothing I regard as substantial has been published yet. I know of only one serious work coming soon and it will be an edited, promoted rehash. Fear is rampant on a field of yellow. This I have much not published. And I am not immodest in saying that my contemporaneous notes will show I was more than a year and a half ahead of cureent and still woefully incomplete news disclosures. I have in mind the stuff on CIA. I lost an agent when I wrote a sample of it last summer. He has been silent on reading it now as news. (Ditto on Hughes and more than I'll take time for except to say this is longest of all on Hunt and Nixon.)

Well, I've stopped sweating, recovered my breathe and I'll get to work. Please excuse the typos. My purpose is to inform you for whatever informing you can mean, and to thanks you for the good advice. It is not to ptomote competition artificially. I am aware that there may be none, that all this may be just talk. However, if there is not something fairly tangible soon I'll be looking around if only because with some support I can do more.

If any of those you call civil-service types comes here to take a look and a listen we can provide rudimentary accomodations in a beautiful setting or there are two good motels less than 10 minutes away. Thanks and best regards,

P.S. I believe I told you I had researched a book on the Dies committee and that this research had been decimated by the Hollywood Ten, who returned nothing. Some of this work remains. I had and I think what remains includes copies of vouchers covering every cent spent. Nobody ever did that before or since. Or at least I never heard of anyone trying or succeeding.

Well, the other day, looking for the cards used to index Whitewash, I found four file drawers of clippings on native fascist activity, work I did before going into the Army in World War II. And four shoeboxes of 3x5 cards that are a name index to this.

This reminds me of something on which I'll have little or no files but what I think will make a helluva thesis that will also make a great book. During the period when Dies was after me - and he was really after someone else and had to include me beacuse we were inseparable - I became friends with the late Vito Marcantonio. Such friends that he moved into my small ghetto apartment. I drove him around and worked for him free while I free-lanced. We orchestrated some symphonies unfinished when he died!

He is a much misunderstood man, one generations ahead of his time.

There was a time when my wife was one of his secretaries.

A perceptive doctoral candidate with a little money to draw upon for trips to New York City, one who would bullsession with me with a little patience and a knack for anticipating what I might be forgetting, could wind up with a great work. About a truly great and much-maligned man.

Marc was the father of the FEPC, Fair Employment Practises Commission. I know the deal FDR made with him. I drove him to the White House for the meeting in an old 1937 Dodge I had then.

Ditto for other meetings with FDR.

He was the first really popular Congressman. Some of the things he did, innovated, have become commonplace. Like always being available to constituents weekends, whatever their problems. In his East Harlem constituency, they all had problems.

He was a masterful parliamentarian and was, in fact, consulted by Cannon when he rewrote the rules. I was there when Cannon spoke to him.

The Republicans wanted him to rejoin them and made attractive offers. He always had a working relationship with them on some subjects.

When he was legislated out of office Wadsworth, then Republican House leader, asked my wife to go to work for him.

The stories I could remember if I had a) a receptive audience to encourage me, and b) a good mind to note what I might be skipping over controlling a mouth to ask the right questions!

I think I am talking about a great thesis that would make a book that would be, simultaneously, an important work of political science and a book that the young would dig and go for.

W none

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